

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2333

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
March 13, 1946



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LONDON

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## Lady Mary Blanger by Antony Beauchamp

Lady Mary Blanger is the youngest daughter of the Countess of Dysart and was Lady Mary Greaves before her marriage to M. Bernard Blanger of the French Diplomatic Service. Her mother is a Countess in her own right, and the heiress presumptive is her eldest sister, Lady Rosamund Greaves

## SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

## PORTRAITS IN PRINT



## Some advice (*gratis*) to young men

**L**ISTENING to the Churchillian tones floating to me all the way from the State of Missouri, I felt pricked with shame at the fickleness of our English memories. How we used to crowd round the loudspeaker in the war years to hear those neo-Macaulayan periods, the constant reiteration of the word "sombre" and the slightly High Church delivery. Now, after Mr. Attlee's spruce, bare little broadcast on Sunday evening, the baroque rotundities from Fulton sounded to my ear ever so little old fashioned. Perhaps the epoch is no longer suited to them. Our existence no longer knows danger or drama; it is just vexatious, humdrum monotony. Who could orate upon a world shortage of cooking fats, and yet stir the blood?

Mr. Churchill's speeches in their time gave comfort and courage to so many millions, his personal delivery lies outside the bounds of criticism. But how unfortunate is the manner when aped by speakers less expert than he! Most of my contemporaries in the Tory Party have cultivated during the last half-dozen years a deplorable travesty of the Churchillian thunder, resolutely lifting their voices like so many Indian clubs at the end of every sentence, whether the sense calls for it or no. The result is, they sound for the most part like bishops who have become too closely involved in politics for the health of the Church. The Tory Party would do well to get a new school of elocution masters.

### Speech Versus Writing

**R**ADIO has done much to restore the power of the spoken word. Luther or Knox in their time could move whole crowds to tears or shuddering dread, Gladstone could hold the rapt attention of the House for four hours. Yet, when we read the sermons which worked this magic, the Budget speeches which entranced even the Opposition, we are merely shocked or bored. We lose the inflexions of voice, the changes in speed with which these masters played upon their hearers. But though the great age of British oratory was, I suppose, from 1750-1850, this was essentially the epoch when oratory was deposed from its high estate by cheap printing. Writers like Locke and Voltaire and Vico and Marx have influenced history far more than the great orators of the day, your Mirabeau, your Burke, even your Patrick Henry. We do not think of Voltaire as a voice, we cannot catch the dry cold cackle of his quips. Rather does his name evoke the precise beauty which shines through even the cruellest and slightest of his "contes." He is the god of the era of the printed word.

That era lasted till the invention of the thermionic valve. Oratory then came into its own again, most reputably with the late President Roosevelt's "fireside" talks, which

enabled that astute, great man to woo the people of the United States over the shoulder of a sulking Congress; and with Mr. Churchill's broadcast after Dunkirk. The power of the spoken word was no less great, though darker, in the Axis world. Totalitarianism, if not the child of broadcasting, is at least its nephew. Think of the great Mussolinian perorations, when the naked bathers of the Lido donned their black shirts to listen while the loudspeaker mirrored the distant operatic screams, and the crowds shouted, "duce, Duce, Duce!" for all the world like students at an American football game.

Hitler's broadcasts, particularly from the Nuremberg Party Rally, were even more of a factor in world politics. His oratory put the Reich into a frenzy. To us it may have seemed no more than shouts broken by yells, but for the Germans it was an excitement quite new in their history. Hitler first brought drama into German public speaking. Before him existed a tradition of oratory created by Bismarck and other aristocrats, men who cared not a fig for the people's opinion, and deliberately spoke above the crowd's nodding head, in dry professional discourse.

The most captivating speaker I ever heard was "La Pasionara," that great muse of the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. Her speeches were a sort of stormy love affair with her audience. She scolded, she courted, she denounced, she exhorted. It was like a mistress upbraiding a lover she is about to leave; her mood inexplicably changes, she melts, caresses, and suddenly he knows she is the precious, the unique inspiration of his life.

### Tipsy Birds

**A** FRIEND of ours till recently possessed a most eccentric love-bird. She was pale blue, and so simple-minded she knew no fear nor caution nor even shame. Her doting owner was forced to exercise an extreme of care to stop her flying into the fire or drowning herself in a flower vase. The love-bird showed passionate devotion. A minute travelling cage was made for "Bluey"; her protectress always took her along when she went away to stay. Every morning when the breakfast tray came in, "Bluey" fluttered out of the cage where she had spent the night, and exacted her toll of toast and bacon. She was a heavenly pet; in fact, she had but one fault. She drank. No sooner did cocktails appear, than "Bluey" would swoop fluttering from the top of a bookcase, and hopping from guest to guest she would take a small nip from each glass.

Afterwards, she would fly shouting round the room, so tipsy she had the utmost difficulty in making a safe landing. Indeed, often she would skate off a polished surface on to the

floor. So fierce was her craving for strong waters she could be found leaning up against the gin bottle just before cocktails were made, like a drunkard at opening-time waiting to pounce.

Alas! One morning recently, she came as usual for her breakfast, but showed no appetite. She snuggled up against her owner's neck, chirruped once, and died. There was no post-mortem, but cirrhosis of her tiny liver was strongly suspected. . . .

### Licentious Doves

**W**HEN R. was in India, an ancient, most respectable Muslim tailor used to sit all day on her veranda, sewing for her. Just above his head, a pair of ring-doves made their nest in a cornice. One day the tailor came to R. in a fine lather of indignation. He would prefer, indeed he must insist, on sitting on the veranda which ran along the other side of the house. "But it's the south side; you'll burn in this heat!" "Better burn on Earth, than burn in Eblis," muttered the tailor, darkly. No respectable man should be asked to countenance the shocking, the licentious things the doves not only did but also said. He would certainly be in peril of fire everlasting if he lent his approval to such infamy; and picking up the sewing machine, the tailor stumped off to sit in decent solitude on the other side of the house.

### Petting The Publisher

**A** WRITER friend of mine, not entirely unknown, was recently pressed by some publishers to afford them a look at his latest, half-finished book. They kept it a month, then sent it back with a patronizing note, saying they felt justified in encouraging him to go on with it. His first impulse was to answer sarcastically, saying their encouragement would turn the scale of his endeavours. "No, no," cried a wise, experienced friend. "It never does for a writer to fling gratuitous insults at publishers. Just say something tactful. Say, for instance, you are appalled at the pomposity of the letter, which makes it clear they have been too slow-witted and mundane to appreciate your work!"

### Skeleton At The Feast

**A**T a recent party, a witty, elderly lady and one of our legislators were watching the dancers swirl by. It was an unusually brilliant party—companies of pretty women, affable royalty, exquisite young men in white ties or clinking uniforms. The spectacle proved too much for the enthusiastic legislator. "This," he suddenly cried, "is what we have been fighting for!" "Really," answered his companion, "are they all Poles?"

## PICTURE OF THE WEEK



**"... Then came the stirrup-cup in course."**

Mr. Bryce Know, Master of the Eglinton Foxhounds, receives a stirrup-cup before the move-off from the Dutch House, Monkton, Ayrshire

*In history you will find that the stirrup-cup was used mainly for two purposes—as a "parting glass" to a guest who was already on horseback and about to set out on a long journey, and as a drink offered to an arriving guest before he had dismounted. These "parting cups" were an important part of the feasting rituals of the Romans, for Ovid talks of them in his Fasti II which was written as a kind of Roman calendar in verse of the seasons and reasons of every Roman religious ceremonial. It was an early Saxon tradition, and the Highlanders always observed the custom of the stirrup-cup. It can be taken that the cup down all the centuries to the present day was one that would be sure to "warm the cockles of the heart."*

# James Agat

# AT THE

EVERYBODY knows that the best British films are not a patch upon Hollywood's best. At least I shall believe otherwise when anybody can show me the British equivalent of *Dark Victory* or *The Little Foxes*. Even if we could produce the scenarios we couldn't act them, because both films require a grown-up film actress and we haven't got one. Nor could this country produce a film like the old *Blue Angel*, since this requires a middle-aged film actor with some tragic pretensions, and we have only well-groomed young men. On the other hand there is this to be said for our films, that they never descend to the level of Hollywood's worst. One day last week I saw a picture in which a horse galloped up to John Wayne, who was throwing a steer in a rodeo competition, and told him that Jean Arthur wasn't going to die of pneumonia. Or perhaps it was the horse that wasn't going to die, and Jean who came cantering up with the news.

Nothing as pitiful as that happened at the British Film Festival, organized by the *Daily Mail* and held at the Leicester Square Theatre on the Sunday before last. The occasion was mildly interesting because of the mild quality of the six films, bits of which were recited into a microphone with a dwarf symphony orchestra as background. There were three remarkable and resonant speeches by Eric Portman, Anton Walbrook, and Robert Donat. But for the rest I could not get up any kind of interest. The music struck me as being of a hopeless mediocrity, so many attempts to improve on Elgar while doing less well than Edward German. And why did they have to trot out that resounding piece of emptiness, the Warsaw Concerto? This was all very well as background music to the film for which it was designed, since it wittily suggested that something in the concert line was going on. As I sat listening

to it I watched my old friend Alec Whittaker, the famous oboe player, tootling away as gravely as though it had been the "New World" Symphony. It seemed to me that he kept his eyes closed throughout the entire proceedings, opening them once to wink prodigiously in my direction. If I wrong my old friend, I apologize.

THE best part of the entertainment happened in the first half-hour, when we were given a number of old newsreels going back to 1910. But the later reels were almost entirely spoilt by the excessive amplification which turned the voices into the howls of sea-lions, making it impossible to hear what was being said. Why, at jamborees of this kind, is nobody told off to supervise this problem? It is often the same at Press shows where I have frequently left my seat to tell the management that if they want me to hear what is being said they must reduce the volume by at least half. But that is by the way.

THE object of this particular jamboree was the award of a trophy representing "a nation-wide recognition of brilliance in acting and production, based on the judgment expressed voluntarily by the great British cinema-going public." Meaning, I take it, the readers of a particular daily paper. But suppose the result of the *Daily Mail* plebiscite doesn't agree with the recent *Daily Express* plebiscite on the same subject? And suppose the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald* weigh in with more plebiscites? There used to be a golf affair entitled the *News Of The World* Tournament. Nobody called that a *National* tournament. I suggest that the "National" nonsense be dropped. In any case, how much judgment has the great British cinema-going public? Enough to judge between Mr. A's

hair and Mr. B's teeth, between Miss X's ankle and Miss Y's calf. If Lord Rothermere or Mr. Rank or anybody else wants to know what and who are tops in the cinema industry he or they should consult the film section of the Critics' Circle compounded, I understand, of excessively cultured ladies and gentlemen of the widest powers of critical discrimination and judgment. (I am not a member.) In the meantime here is my contribution to the voting. (1) The best British film generally released during the war: *The Way Ahead*. (2) The best film actor. Since James Mason appears too often in twaddle of *The Wicked Lady* order I shall give my vote to John Mills. (3) The best film actress. As our best six film actresses piled on top of one another don't reach to Bette Davis's elbow I shall say that we haven't got a best. (I exclude stage-trained players like Celia Johnson and Flora Robson.) If a stage play were to contain Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans, and Fay Compton any playgoer closing his eyes would know which of them was talking. But our film actresses are different. To listen to they are indistinguishable one from another, and to look at they are so many saucers of glazed and meaningless pulchritude.

NOW may I without impertinence ask why, at this British Film Festival, no mention was made of two films which made some stir—*Henry V* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*? Somebody answer, please.

*Symphonie Fantastique* (Curzon) is the kind of bad film which I would sooner see than most good ones. It is a bad film because the material is not there to make a good one. Berlioz' life falls into three categories. His music—there is not enough of it in this picture. His unending struggles, and the infinite



Father O'Malley (Bing Crosby), newly appointed at St. Mary's Parochial School as parish pastor, finds among his duties that he has to settle the domestic troubles of Patsy's mother (Martha Sleeper), whose little daughter is at the school



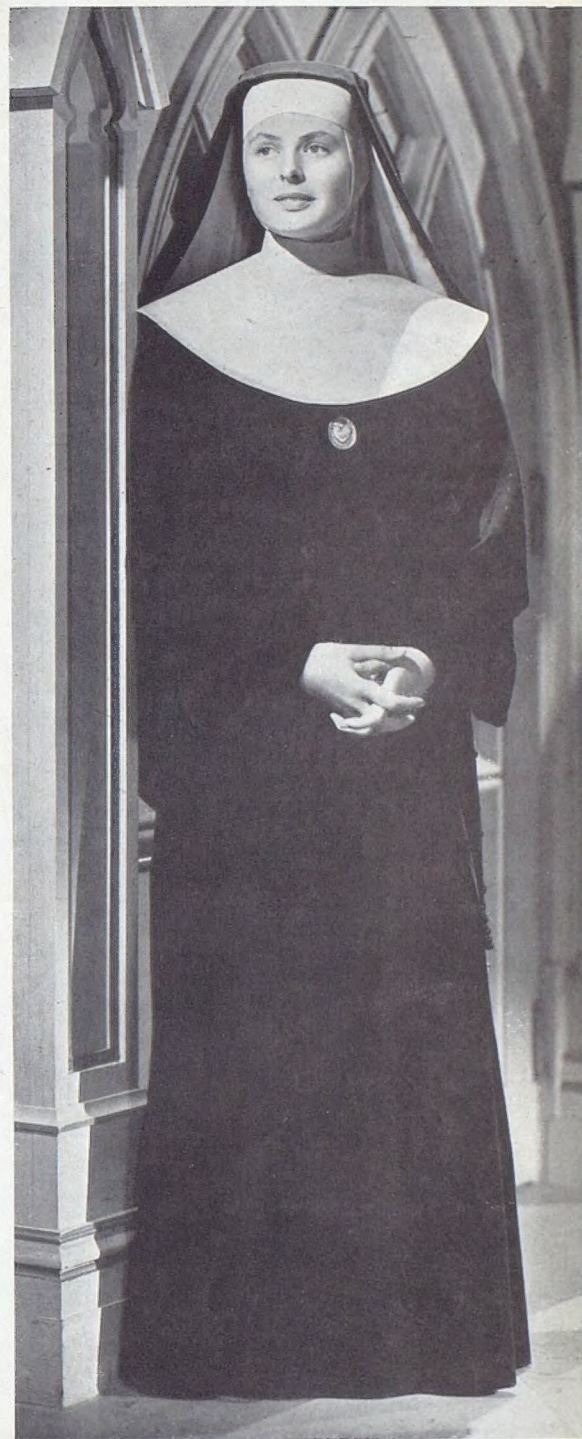
Patsy (Joan Carroll) tries to fail her exams, as she does not want to leave the school. Unhappy at home, she confides all her troubles to the Sister Superior, to whom she is devoted. However, Sister Benedict and Father O'Malley between them unite her with her parents

# PICTURES

boredom of the journalism by which he had to keep himself alive. He writes: "I return to my treadmill—journalism—once more, and oh! the horror of it! The misery of writing to order an article on nothing in particular—or on things that, as far as I was concerned, simply did not exist since they excited in me no feeling of any description whatsoever." The film merely hints at this. Last there's the wit. When every brat of both sexes was learning to play some kind of instrument and making the Paris air hideous, Berlioz put this notice on the wall of his lodging: "*Défense de faire de la musique contre ce mur!*" Talking of the vanity of artists, he wrote in *Les Grossesques de la Musique* of a worshipper saying to Jenny Lind: "Goddess, I am to implore your pardon on behalf of a stunted humanity for its inability to find words adequate to its emotions. Your voice has the sublimity of the Heavenly Choir, your beauty is beyond compare, your genius boundless, your trill more amazing than the sun. Saturn's ring is unworthy to crown your head. Before you humanity can but prostrate itself; deign at least that it embrace your feet." The *diva*, incensed by the insufficiency of the tribute, shrugged her beautiful shoulders and said, "What noodle have we here?" Of Berlioz the wit the film gives nothing. What it does give, and at length, is his boring marriage with Henriette Smithson and his even more tedious second marriage with Martin Recio, called here Marie Martin. Of Smithson there is very little to tell. When Charles Kean went over to Paris to play Hamlet she was his Ophelia, and a very bad one. Hazlitt dismisses her in a sentence: "Miss Smithson is tall and the French admire tall women." About his second wife there is even less to be said. She was a fool who, to quote Grove, "frequently imperilled the success of her

husband's work by insisting on the leading part in its performance." The film shows her as one of those lambent imbeciles who desert an artist at his most need on the plea that it will be good for his art.

ON the other hand the film recognizes the nobility of art, the power of music, and the compulsion of work. It is nowhere common. Even so, there are things it does which it could have done better. Paganini makes an entry after the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini*, when he comes to tell the composer that he has written a work of genius. After which he stalks away like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. How much more dramatic to have reproduced the scene from the *Life*. It was after a concert at which both the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Harold in Italy* had been given. "Paganini, with his little son, Achille, appeared at the orchestra door, gesticulating violently. Consumption of the throat, of which he afterwards died, prevented his speaking audibly and Achille alone could interpret his wishes. He signed to the child, who climbed on a chair and put his ear close to his father's mouth, then turning to me he said: 'Monsieur, my father orders me to tell you that never has he been so struck by music. He wishes to kneel and thank you.' Confused and embarrassed, I could not speak, but Paganini seized my arm, hoarsely ejaculating, 'Yes! Yes!' dragged me into the theatre where several of my players still lingered—and there knelt and kissed my hand." Next day Berlioz received a letter from the virtuoso enclosing a note for twenty thousand francs. How on earth could any director with eyes in his head come to miss this? Now do readers see why this is a good film which could have been better? It is extremely well acted, with a magnificent performance of the leading rôle by Jean-Louis Barrault.



Ingrid Bergman as Sister Benedict

## "The Bells of St. Mary's"

The Story of a Miracle

● Bing Crosby repeats his successful role of *Going My Way* as Father O'Malley in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. Appointed as new parish pastor, he finds the parochial school badly in need of repair and funds, and it falls upon him to accomplish some sort of miracle to save the life of St. Mary's. The school, which is ruled by Sister Benedict (Ingrid Bergman) and her assistant, Sister Michael (Ruth Donnelly), has a great menace next to it in a huge office building being erected by Horace Bogardus (Henry Travers), who threatens to tear down the school and turn it into a car park. Only Father O'Malley's resource saves and renews the school.



Sister Benedict, the Sister Superior (Ingrid Bergman), and Sister Michael (Ruth Donnelly) day-dream that some day the new office building belonging to Bogardus (Henry Travers), will become the new St. Mary's School building

**The Isit Sisters Give a Dinner Party:** Deaf Mr. Potter (Frank Tickle) and twittering spinster Ellen Isit (Betty Sinclair), followed by gossip-mongers-in-chief Ronnie Sanctuary (Ernest Thesiger) and Mrs. Spettigue (Nancy Roberts), with Agnes Isit (Flora Robson), a somewhat embittered spinster, and her faithful friend, Sir Benjamin Dench (Wyndham Goldie)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



## The Theatre

"A Man About The House" (Piccadilly)

**T**HERE'S no such thing as a romantic Italian; they're all passionate realists."

But that must have been a truth hard to grasp in 1908 when Italy was Europe's playground, especially hard to grasp for someone like Agnes Isit (Miss Flora Robson), a prim, middle-aged spinster lady who had just inherited a beautiful Italian villa near Naples, after long colourless years of repression in an ugly house in an ugly English industrial district. Of course, there were things in the villa of which she could not approve. The paintings all over the place were—startling; the books worse; her eccentric uncle must have grown in his last years—almost Italian! And the handsome major-domo's way with the pretty servants would need to be watched and firmly checked. However, all that could soon be altered and a nice English routine established without spoiling the views, and the major-domo could be made to behave like an English butler without detriment to his warm-blooded gaiety, his romantic air and certainly without detriment to his brilliant looks; nothing could spoil them! But Agnes must keep her eye on dear Sister Ellen, who, though of an undoubted provincial respectability, was softly sentimental and might be lax with the servants.

It all seems to happen very quickly. In Mr. Brett Young's novel no doubt Agnes Isit's cramped spirit expands in the Neapolitan warmth by infinite subtle gradations; but in the play the blossom is full out almost before we know it. When she sees Salvatore, the major-domo, kissing the lively Assunta she is vexed, naturally; is she also a little jealous? "It is very nice, after all," she remarks later apropos of her butler, "to have a man about the house." That is all, and then there is the humiliating squabble at the dinner party at the end of which she tells her sister that she—the strong-minded Agnes—is to marry Salvatore. ("Not yet, surely not yet!" said someone in a neighbouring stall.) And this is really the play's peak. The rest of the

narrative goes downhill, in the sense that the mind of the audience must always be ahead of it.

As husband Salvatore rapidly sheds the charming major-domo. He is a passionate realist, a masterful husband who breaks up the villa's romantic gardens into a profitable vineyard, believes (sincerely, no doubt) that since his ancestors once owned the property it belongs by right to their descendant, even though they sold it, and views his wife's increasing arthritis with tender equanimity. Even when her legs can scarcely perform their office he will have no doctor called in, and it is he who mixes her warm drinks. Anything might happen without causing surprise, and what does happen, though natural enough in life, appears tame on the stage. An English doctor drops in, diagnoses arsenical poisoning and so frightens Salvatore that the craven rushes upstairs and blows out his brains. Miss Isit is thus enabled to preserve her life and, what one suspects is more precious to her, the illusion that she has been romantically loved.

It must have been a difficult novel to dramatize, for though Mr. John Percy has not succeeded in transferring the narrative's flexibility to the stage his dialogue is from first to last excellent theatre. The actors handle it dexterously. It gives Miss Robson her usual part—a woman of frustrated tenderness making a kind of beauty out of dumb suffering; and Mr. Basil Sydney's full-blooded prisoner is the perfect foil with his gay villainy and his dangerous charm. Mr. Wyndham Goldie makes a welcome return from the Forces as the professional charmer from Harley Street dropping into the Italian villa in the nick of time. Mr. Ernest Thesiger contributes to the play a giggling dilettante who seems to have stepped out of the pages of "South Wind"; and there are good minor sketches by Miss Betty Sinclair and Mr. Frank Tickle. In short, go to the Piccadilly—but less for the play than for the acting.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The rascally butler, Salvatore Ferraro (Basil Sydney), who does not hesitate to murder for his ambitions, offers flowers to his bride, Agnes Isit (Flora Robson), a rich spinster



Frances Day  
Rehearsing in  
Her New  
Musical Play  
“Evangeline”

● After two years of entertaining the troops all around the world from France to Burma, Frances Day returns to the West End, starring in her new play with music—John Laver's *Evangeline*, which is opening at the Cambridge Theatre on March 14th. One of the most vital personalities in the theatre world, she is both starring in and producing the show. Co-directing with her is Val Guest, the film and theatre producer. The music is by Harry Jacobson and George Posford and the lyrics by Eric Maschwitz. She has four leading men in the show, and in order of appearance they are Guy Rolfe, Nick Stewart, John Pertwee and Stanley Vivian



Photographs by  
Antony Beauchamp

Harry Jacobson, playing the piano, takes Frances Day through the romantic number “Please Let This Be Love.” Listening are Val Guest (left) and Cyril Butcher



The Hon. Henry Leoline Thornhill Lumley-Savile, Grenadier Guards, younger son of the late Lord Savile and of Lady Savile, of Walshaw, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, married Miss Presiley June Inchbald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. E. Inchbald, of Halebourne House, Chobham, Surrey



The Marriage of the Hon. H. L. T. Lumley-Savile  
Captain Lord Savile, elder brother of the bridegroom and best man; Lady Savile, the bridegroom's mother; and her daughter, the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile, who was one of the bridesmaids

## JENNIFER WRITES

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

FLAMING June may seem a long way off in these still chilly March days, but at Buckingham Palace, where one of the paramount rules is never to be taken unprepared, active work is already in hand on the matter of advance arrangements for Victory Day, when His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and the two Princesses, and probably by Queen Mary as well, will take the salute at the ceremonial march-past of his victorious forces in London. Colonel Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, that charming and tireless cavalryman who, as Crown Equerry, has charge of the Royal Mews, is working out a processional scheme for the King and Queen to drive in State from the Palace to the saluting base, destined, according to present intentions, to be half-way along the Mall: and an extended circular route is being mapped out, in consultation with the police authorities, to afford the victory crowds as much opportunity as possible of seeing the King and Queen. The King is himself taking the greatest personal interest in all the arrangements, both those for his own participation in the ceremonies and those for the public rejoicings as a whole.

List, and they included many well-known social figures.

Heading all these was the sturdy, rock-like figure of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Sholto Douglas, whom the King invested with the insignia of that high distinction, a Knight Grand Cross of the Military Division of the Order of the Bath. He is shortly to succeed Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery as British C-in-C. on the Rhine, an honour to the junior Service of which everyone in the R.A.F. is proud. Vice-Admiral Douglas Fisher, the new C-in-C. of the Home Fleet, was another well-known Service figure. He was knighted and invested with the K.B.E., a decoration which also went to two other Admirals, Sir Algernon Willis and Sir Marshal Clarke. On the military side, Lieut.-General Sir Wilfrid Lindsell received the G.B.E. while Chief Controller Dame Leslie Whateley, of the A.T.S., was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire. The Countess of Limerick, who has done such hard and excellent work for the British Red Cross all through the war, and Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon were both made Dame Commanders of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire.

### COMING-OUT DANCE

THE first Investiture proper of the year—at an earlier function His Majesty had given a number of medals and decorations to next-of-kin—which the King held at Buckingham Palace was much more on the lines of the Investitures of peacetime than the almost weekly ceremonies which, with such indefatigable energy, His Majesty held throughout the war years. Though there was a plentiful sprinkling of war awards, in the shape of D.S.O.s, M.C.s, D.C.M.s, and so on, most of those attending were recipients of awards in the New Year's

THE dance which Lord and Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart gave for Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, Lady Crichton-Stuart's daughter by her marriage to the late Marquess of Lansdowne, was another gay and successful party for young people. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth honoured the hostess with her presence at the dance, and looked very pretty in a full-skirted evening dress of palest pink. H.R.H. danced with obvious enjoyment the whole evening, and among her partners were fair-haired Lord Fairfax, Mr. Paul Methuen and

Sir Anthony Meyer, both the latter in their "Blues." The Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, who is Princess Elizabeth's Lady-in-Waiting, danced with Capt. the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, to whom she had announced her engagement a few days before. He is a first cousin of Princess Elizabeth. Lord and Lady Aberdare's elder son, Major the Hon. Morys Bruce, was dancing with Miss Sarah Dashwood most of the evening. Many of their friends were delighted to hear they were engaged, although they did not announce it officially until two days later. Among other pretty young girls at the dance was Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Earl and Countess of Cavan's elder girl, in a black net dress. The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone was in a dress of lettuce-green tulle; Miss Patricia Beauchamp, who is pretty and petite and so like her mother, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, was in a pale-green taffeta dress. Others I noticed were Miss Rosemary Lyttelton, daughter of Mr. Oliver and Lady Moira Lyttelton, and those good-looking sisters Miss Sally and Miss Jill Benson. Among the "young marrieds" were Capt. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, the latter in a gaily-striped dress, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, and Capt. and Mrs. "Jaky" Astor.

APRIL is starting off with a round of charity functions, all in aid of excellent causes. First comes the world premiere of *The Captive Heart*, to be given at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Tuesday, April 2nd, in aid of the Victory Ex-Services Club Fund, with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys as chairman of the Premiere Committee. At her first committee meeting for this premiere, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys had a wonderful response from her many friends and raised the magnificent sum of £4500—a splendid start.



and Miss Inchbald at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mrs. F. Speyer, Miss E. A. Sheppard and Mr. M. Inchbald. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by four children, two girls, and two boys, who wore kilts of the Royal Stuart tartan

The Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile with Miss Anne Trehearne, Mr. John Trehearne, Mr. T. Sergison-Brooke, Mrs. Edward Trehearne and Mrs. Paddy Davies at the reception held at 23, Knightsbridge

Swaebe

Secondly, two days later, on Thursday, April 4th, Her Majesty the Queen has graciously consented to attend the Victoria League Empire Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Victoria League. The Duchess of Devonshire is chairman of this concert, for which Dr. Malcolm Sargent is conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Moiseiwitsch and Joan Hammond in the programme.

Then a few days later comes Theatre Festival Week, commencing on April 8th, which is also under Royal Patronage.

#### THEATRE FESTIVAL WEEK

PLANS are well advanced for this Theatre Week, when three matinees are being given to raise funds for the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. The week starts with Ivor Novello's *Party* at the London Hippodrome on Monday, April 8th, which Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously consented to attend. On Wednesday, April 10th, the Old Vic Company are presenting *Oedipus Rex* and *The Critic*, arranged by Laurence Olivier, at the New Theatre, which will be honoured with the presence of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. On the following Thursday, April 11th, Their Majesties the King and Queen will be present at the Haymarket Theatre to see *The Importance of Being Earnest*, arranged by John Gielgud. The Countess of Cromer, whose husband is president of King George's Pension Fund, has undertaken the duties of chairman of the Royal Matinee Committee, and recently held her first meeting, when she made an excellent speech, asking everyone to help make this Theatre Festival Week a great success. Among those at the meeting who are going to help Lady Cromer were her very able deputy-chairman, Mrs. Philip Hill, Lady Waddilove, the Countess of Lytton, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Pascoe-Rutter, Dame Lilian Braithwaite, Lady Marks and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who are all vice-presidents.

Viscount Southwood is the honorary treasurer, and he, as Lady Cromer said, is renowned for turning pennies into pounds! Miss Anna Zinkeisen was at the meeting and promised to do a cover design for the programmes; Lady (Anthony) Meyer readily agreed when Lady Cromer asked her to arrange programme-sellers among her many young friends for all three matinees. Others at the meeting were the Earl of Cromer, Lady Hudson, Lady Cunningham, Lady Malcolm, Miss Flora Robson, Lady Broadbridge, Mrs. Charles Knight, Mme. Phang, the Hon. Lady Stanley, Lady Doverdale, looking pretty in black, Mrs. Washington-Singer, Mrs. Miller Mundy,

Mrs. Frank Parkinson, Mrs. Peter Ralli, Lady Kennet, Mrs. Noel Butler and many more.

\* \* \*

THE President of the British Ski Club of Great Britain and other members of the council accepted an invitation from the Norwegian Ski Association to be present at the first post-war Holmenkollrenn, which was followed by the Norwegian Ski Championship at Rjukan in March, and a downhill competition at Norefjell.

Those representing the council of the Ski Club of Great Britain, in addition to the President, Mr. J. C. Aitchison, are Lady Chamier, wife of Air Commodore Sir Adrian Chamier, and Mr. Arnold Lunn, who has done so much for ski-ing. The Norwegian Ski Association also sent an invitation for British Ski teams to take part in certain races. Among those who were chosen for a ladies' team and are racing for Britain are Mrs. T. H. Allen and Mrs. Bunty Greenland, who tied in the Alpine Kandahar at Mürren in 1939. Mrs. Allen also won the combined race in the Alpine Kandahar that year.

She is working with the British Military Mission in Brussels, and has been given special leave to go to Norway. The racing captain is Miss "Pippa" Harrison, a very fine skier and holder of the S.C.G.B. gold badge. Also in the team are Miss Bridget Armitage and Miss Isobel Roe, the British Ladies' Ski-Running Champion in 1938 and 1939, who has been serving in the W.R.N.S., as has Miss Harrison, during the war. They have both only just been released.

\* \* \*

A VERY rare visitor to London nowadays is Admiral Sir William James, who was lunching one day recently at the May Fair with his son, Lt.-Cdr. James, and his wife. Admiral Sir William James has lately been staying in Scotland, at Bowerswell, Perth, the home of his uncle, Mr. Melville Gray, who recently passed his ninety-eighth birthday. Remarkably fit, he is now most determined to achieve his centenary! Bowerswell House was at one time the home of the famous President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Everett Millais, whose celebrated picture of Admiral James as "Bubbles" is known all over the world.

Mr. Melville Gray has many of the great painter's best-known pictures at Bowerswell, and it is interesting to recall that "The Vale of Rest," which will shortly be seen again at the Tate Gallery, was painted in the beautiful old gardens which are such a feature of the house.

Major H. Moore-Gwyn and the Hon. Anne Douglas-Scott-Montagu Married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Major Howell Joseph Moore-Gwyn, Welsh Guards, only son of the late Major J. G. Moore-Gwyn and Mrs. Moore-Gwyn, married the Hon. Anne Douglas-Scott-Montagu, eldest daughter of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie



Mrs. Rosa Lewis, aged eighty-four this year, at her desk. She is holding one of the scores of letters she receives from parents and families of young men who have made the Cavendish a second home, thanking her for having looked after them while on leave in London

## ROSA LEWIS OF THE CAVENDISH

LONG ago, when whisky was 12s. 6d. a bottle and queues were only seen outside theatres, there was a charming hotel in the West End—the French would call it “intime”—where the owner, a silver-haired old lady then in her late seventies, came around in the mornings at about 9 o’clock to call on her guests and see if they were all right and quite comfortable.

She was usually dressed in an ankle-length woollen dressing-gown (over, I always suspected, a flannel night-dress), and round her neck was a roughly-knotted white silk scarf; her hair was often in curlers. In one hand she would carry a glass of “medicinal” tea; in the other, invariably a glass of champagne. At her heels followed a very aloof white West Highland called “Kippy,” who would sniff at your shoes and turn up a little black nose if they were not made of the best hide.

I know; I was often one of the guests. And the other day, after some years in the R.A.F., I found that the hotel not only still exists, but that the drill is still much the same.

The silver-haired old lady, as some of you may have guessed, was—and is—Mrs. Rosa

Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, W., who will be eighty-four in September.

THE CAVENDISH is still the same, a great, rambling old place built around a charming little courtyard and filled with Edwardian furniture and Edwardian comfort in the family style. It is the last of the old family hotels in Jermyn Street, where, it has been observed, Time does anything but “march on.” Before Rosa moved in over fifty years ago, it was the London palace of the Comte de Paris.

Rosa is still the same, looking a little older perhaps, but with the same alert mind and retentive memory. I walked in to see her after many years abroad. Without batting an eyelid, she looked up, recognised me, my name, and, strangely enough, the people I had been with the last time I saw her. She has that great gift, generally credited to royalty, of remembering faces, names and associations. Rosa, better known perhaps to the fathers and grandfathers of this generation, was the very beautiful, blonde (but by no means dumb), wide-blue-eyed daughter of a gentleman who made chronometers for the Admiralty. He put his daughter into

service as a cook sixty-odd years ago, and her efforts were so successful that they finally attracted the attention and personal patronage of King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales.

Ever since, she has been the friend, confidante, counsellor—on occasions even banker—to more than half of Debrett, as well as many pages out of the New York Social Register—abridged edition—and the *Almanach de Gotha*.

IN the front room of the Cavendish, a sort of morning-room where Rosa received everyone from dukes to would-be housemaids, a room facing on to Jermyn Street, through whose windows so many faces have peered from the outside, “just to see if Rosa is in,” there once hung one of Europe’s most interesting and personal collections of photographs and pictures, nearly all autographed.

This room was blitzed in 1941, when a bomb landed on the Piccadilly church near by, and many of the pictures were destroyed. Totalling over 800, they were of everyone who “was anybody,” or who had “done something.” Amongst them were the Duke of Windsor, with

(Turn to page 332)



*Photographs by Swaabe*

These wrought-iron gates were once in the old Dorchester House, and Rosa bought them when it was pulled down (1929) after the death of Sir George Holford in 1926. They are Italian in design and now hide from view the office and telephone exchange. They are also a generally accepted place for leaving notes and hanging "Kippy's" dog-leads. The three old prints are of "The White Horse," Fetter Lane, E.C.; "City of London" Tavern, Bishopsgate, E.C.; "The Tabard," The Boro', Southampton

## ROSA LEWIS OF THE CAVENDISH

(Continued from page 330)

other members and relatives of the Royal Family, who claimed, thanks to her culinary arts, to have looked through "Rosa-coloured" glasses; Sir William Eden, father of Anthony, who lived at the Cavendish for many years; Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and other members of that illustrious family, including Winston. (Rosa, incidentally, is reputed to be one of the few who can still call our former Prime Minister by his schoolboy nickname of "Carrot-top," for young Winston, ever-daring, had the temerity to invade Rosa's kitchen now and again when she was cooking for his parents.)

Others in the gallery included Lord Ribblesdale, through whose influence Rosa managed to obtain some magnificent pre-Gobelin tapestries which have been valued at many thousands of pounds, some of which now hang in Herstonceaux. Then there were both of the Birkenheads, and the late Eleanor Smith, who was a frequent visitor; also "Naps" Alington, the indefatigable Evan Tredegar, Lord Portarlington, Lord Lonsdale, and a magnificent assembly of dukes, marquesses, viscounts and barons, not forgetting quite a good sprinkling of baronets and knights.

THE Stage was also represented, and used often to pop into Rosa's after a "first night" and supper at the Savoy. There were pictures of Tallulah, Frances "Bunny" Doble, Michael Redgrave and a host of others in this gallery. The juxtaposition of these pictures was often remarkable, and often, I'm sure, they were the work of Rosa's Puck-like sense of humour.

At one time, before the 1914-18 War, there was a picture of the Kaiser, who used to eat now and again at the Cavendish, and who, on account of his withered arm, used specially-made forks and knives.

It was certainly a unique picture gallery, and one which fathers used often to take their sons to see; for an introduction to Rosa, in those days, was part of the social education of every young man about to venture about London.

When this famous room was blitzed, several others upstairs, also overlooking Jermyn Street, were damaged. They included the favourite suite of Lord Charles Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's brother, and who was husband of Adèle Astaire, and a suite particularly liked by Mr. Harry Talbot de Vere Clifton, millionaire racehorse owner and pre-war air enthusiast.

THE hotel stayed open: its doors have never been shut for all the fifty-odd years that Rosa has owned it—except, that is, when Moon, the genial and unpredictable night porter, used to lock them and then doze off. As in the First Great War, so in the Second, the Cavendish became a popular meeting-place for young men on leave. The former "jeunesse dorée" who had graced it, turned up in all shades of khaki and blue, and rightly described the Cavendish as the only country house still left in London.

In place of all the old pictures in the front room, there has grown up a gallery of more modern figures, heroes of the late war, with newspaper cuttings and photographs about the gallant deeds of Rosa's wartime visitors and friends. Position of honour has been given to "Shemie" Lovat, Commando leader of the Dieppe and other raids, who, with other Commandos, regarded Rosa's as a sort of off-time headquarters when in London. After him comes "Baby-face" George Millar, author of *Maquis* and *Horned Pigeon*, whose innocent looks so much belie him, for he is a tough, determined and brave fighter who spent most of the war behind enemy lines, wittingly and unwittingly.

Then there are two of the great posthumous V.C.s—Lord Lyell and "Dick" Furness—who were frequent visitors to the Cavendish, and also a picture of the late John Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's nephew, who used to make a habit of looking

in to see Rosa with his sister, "Tidder" Harrington. Scotland is well represented with various members of the Crichton-Stuarts, Michael, Patrick and Claudia, with their cousin, the irrepressible Simon Ramsey, Lord Dalhousie's younger brother.

IT is said that Rosa has spent well over £50,000 on her hotel in the last fifty years. Certainly there is still evidence of great comfort in the Edwardian, family style—long, broad sofas, deep, comfortable armchairs, large, voluminous beds, and, above all, enormous bath-tubs, in which you can really wallow and, if you feel inclined, take a whole fleet of toy boats as well.

There is one room in particular—the "Elinor Glyn" room, so named because of all the "drama" alleged to have taken place there—where Rosa held, and still holds; many of her informal parties. And the beverage was always champagne. It is Rosa's favourite. "Have a glass of champagne, dear," has been her usual greeting, comment and password for nearly half a century. There was always a good stock of it at the Cavendish, and some of the empties now stand on the mantelpiece in the front hall with Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes stuck into their necks. Downstairs, in the cellars which run for yards under Jermyn Street and Duke Street round the corner, there are still a few good bottles left. Nor is it all champagne; claret, burgundy and French white wines too, for Rosa has always seen that she has a good cellar to match her cuisine.

BUT apart from the social side, Rosa also has a very human side. In the Cavendish, she has had as guests, and helped, many young men with very little money, whom she has put up out of friendship and affection for their fathers or mothers whom she has known for many years, perhaps since they also came to her in their teens or twenties. These young people have come to Rosa by a sort of instinct, knowing that if Rosa is really convinced that they are hard up, they can always stay under her roof for practically nothing, for a matter of a pound or so a week (I speak of pre-war figures).

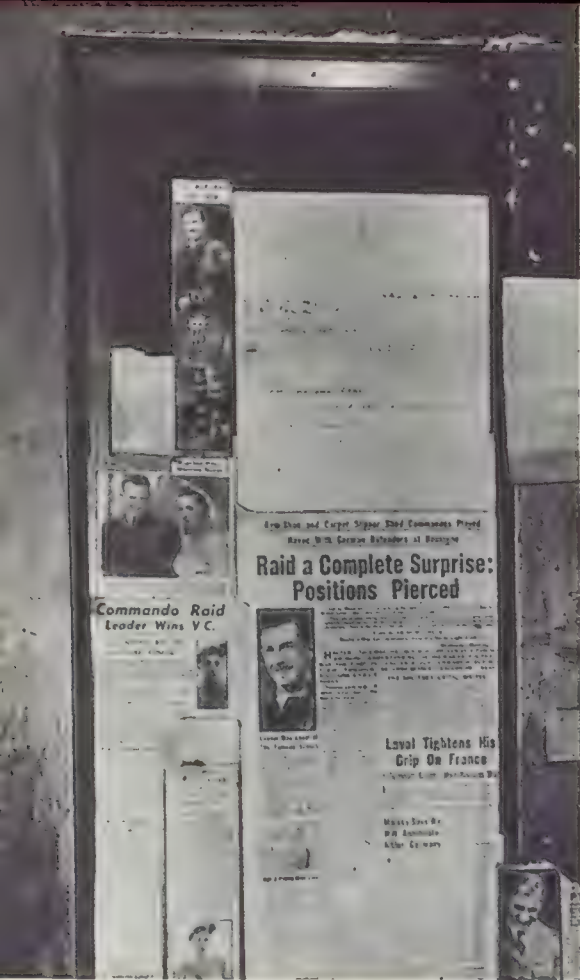
Such guests were expected to pay for their drinks, but even so, they often found themselves drinking champagne and other expensive bottles, being involved in parties in "Elinor Glyn," and so on, the costs of which mysteriously never appeared on their bills. Perhaps not so mysteriously for those who knew, for these little matters were usually debited to the generosity of someone better able, and, as a rule, willing, to pay.

Even so, Rosa has had her bad debts. She will tell you nothing about them, nor of the thousands she has given away in her lifetime to her noble but impecunious friends. It has been said of her that she is stealthy in her open-handedness and hates it publicly advertised. She prefers to hide her charitable work under a bushel—and a bushel of the very best champagne.

THANK heavens, though, the Cavendish still exists. It is a little oasis of sanity—or insanity—in this post-war world of controls and frustration. Rosa is still there to talk to, or, more often, to listen to, and with her, Edith Jefferies, the small, dark shadow to Rosa, who for so many years has been the ever-present, the ever-watchful. Then there is the succession of "Kippies," the white West Highlands. Rosa has always had a "Kippy" since 1912. The first "Kippy," when he died, was buried just outside the hotel, to the left of the front doorstep, doubtless his favourite corner, and his tomb is marked by a little plaque, "Kippy, 1912-1929. In loving memory."

No, it will be a sad day when there is no Cavendish, no Rosa to greet you with "Have a glass of champagne, dear," and the latest and spiciest bit of amusing gossip, as often as not directed against yourself.

R. G.



One of Rosa's "wall-newspapers" at the Cavendish, with stories and pictures of her friends, many of whom, like Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., who has place of honour, she has known since childhood. Others include Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes, V.C., M.C., and Prince Alexander Obolensky, both of whom were killed in the war. These cuttings are stuck on to the door leading into the front room where the famous old "gallery" used to hang



Rosa's famous Visitors' Book, about Volume XL., with a quick sketch of her which Rex Whistler did shortly before his death. In the background is the original "Kippy" who died at the remarkable age of seventeen. Also in the picture are Brigadier Derek Schreiber, formerly A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in Australia, with his wife, Viscountess Clive



The ubiquitous Edith Jefferies who, although she has barely left Rosa's side for many years, nevertheless seems to be everywhere else at the same time



Photographs by Swaabe  
Looking down into the courtyard, round which the Cavendish is built. The yard was formerly known as Mason's Yard and was used for stabling. In spring and summer the tubs are ablaze with flowers, and on hot summer evenings it is one of Rosa's favourite places for "holding court"—with the inevitable bottles of champagne

## PRISCILLA in

## PARIS

“... comme nous sommes heureux de revoir la clientèle Anglaise !”



Meg Lemonnier, the beautiful French-Canadian actress who is playing at the Michodière in M. Paul Gervais's play "Si je savais." In the above photograph she is wearing a chic "Naughty-Ninety" dress that she wore at a fancy-dress dance

WHO was it said that "Contrast is the salt of life"? It's not only the salt but the whole salad-dressing, with more than a soupçon of garlic as make-weight. These are the unkindest days of the year. The darkest hours before the dawn of spring. One feels that just around the corner of March the shrubs and trees are waiting to burgeon, that there are warm breezes lurking behind the bitter east winds, and that a *vaste* arch of blue is waiting to show itself when the low, grey skies have finished dropping belated snowstorms on our cowering shoulders. But meanwhile we are nearing the end of the small stock of coal and wood we acquired with such difficulty, our homes are damp and cold, our electric stoves have worked overtime, despite restrictions, and are now showing signs of wear, but there are no workmen and, above all, no spare parts with which to repair them.

Vegetables are almost as rare as steaks and we have nothing with which to replenish our almost empty cellars. But friends arrive from England and we find that the big hotels where they are made welcome are warm with central heating; meat or poultry appears on the menu at most meals and champagne bubbles in fragile glasses. Heavy tumblers have been our lot for so long that it is pleasant to feel crystal against our lips again. Bedrooms are spotless with fresh paint, and the pastel colourings of brocade bed-quilts and comfy chairs are immaculate, but dry-cleaners (cleaners?) keep our war-worn garments a month before returning them almost as dirty as when they were given to their ministrations, and certainly far more tattered.

Because of all these *petites misères* of home life we appreciate, infinitely more than we have ever done before, the comforts of warmth and cleanliness and adequate food, and we are glad to see the effort that Paris is making to welcome the visitors who are slowly returning to the city that again some day will become *la Ville Lumière*. I thrilled with pleasure when one of the *réceptionists* at the Ritz said to me: "Ah! Madame... si vous saviez comme nous sommes heureux de revoir la clientèle Anglaise!"

I HAVE been trying to get J-P. Sartre's *Les Chemins de la Liberté* for a friend in England. Gallimard, the publisher, hasn't a single copy left and the troglodytes that dwell in the book-shops of my beloved Left Bank sneer at the suggestion that the two volumes the work comprises might still be found on their dark shelves. "Introuvable" is the verdict... "even" in the second-hand shops! That the second-hand dealers should not have it does not surprise me. The great novelist-philosopher of the day is, really, only a best-seller, and one can hardly hope to find him amongst the shabby volumes on *les quais*.

I have a small quarrel to pick with Sartre. For a writer who specialises in filth—I am thinking of his *Les Chemins de la Liberté*—his vocabulary is singularly restricted. Most taxi-drivers have a finer command of really dirty expressions. I could give him points myself. Driving an ambulance over snow and mud and glut ice with the F.F.I. in Alsace-Lorraine fifteen months ago taught me more than he seems to know in that line. He repeats himself too much. Filthy language becomes rather boring after a while and, above all, loses all value. Who will ever forget the unique thrill when "bloody" was used by the Grand Old Man for the first time? Sartre is known over here as *le philosophe excrémental*, and his admirers are still sending him cakes of soap in memory of those old days, at Tours, when he was on leave during his military service and he refused either to wash or to shave.

THE revival of Jean Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, at the Gymnase, is one of the biggest successes in a city where people seem to be theatre-mad and seats, at most of the theatres, have to be booked ten days ahead. Only one "flop" recently: Marcel Achard's adaptation of *Winterset*—*mais qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

When *Les Parents Terribles* was created in 1938 it was hailed not only as the finest thing Cocteau has ever done, but also as the most remarkable play of the year; the *bourgeoisie* flocked to see it and were delightedly shocked by its daring. They raved about the magnificent acting of Dorziat, Jean Marais (one of the most handsome young male animals they had ever seen), Alice Cocéa and Germaine Dermoz, who created the part written for Yvonne de Bray, to whom the play is dedicated but who was too ill at the time to appear. This wonderful actress, by the way, is making her film debut in an all too small part in *L'Eternel Retour*, which is now showing in London at the Curzon. She is one of the finest actresses in France, but has been kept away from the theatre by illness, often, alas, through her own fault! 'Nuf said!

During Occupation the play was revived, but the P.P.F. (whose leader, Bucart, has just met with a traitor's death), kow-towing to Vichy that had gone all virtuous, sent his bright-blue-shirted followers to the theatre night after night to howl it off the stage and it was banned. The present revival, with Yvonne de Bray at last in the rôle of the mother, Gabrielle Dorziat and Marcel André in their old parts, and little Josette Day replacing Cocéa, who has had to retire into private life on account of her friendly attitude towards the "Occupants," is one of the most perfect productions one can see.

Jean Marais, whose face now bears lines chiselled by the past few years, but who is as splendid as ever, holds the audience spellbound. Few actors are equally good on the stage and on the screen, but he shares this gift of the gods with the late Harry Baur and with Raimu.

THE virtuous period of Vichy was one of the few amusing sidelights of that evil administration. When Becque's dramatic comedy *La Parisienne* was revived at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs in 1943, the title was changed from *La Parisienne* to the name of the heroine of *Clotilde Dumesnil*, the Vichy-ites having decided that the label "*parisienne*" could not possibly be attached to a woman who had a lover!

Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?

Voilà!

● Little seventeen-year-old Lize Topart, who plays lead in the French version of Miss Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* in Paris, is already a "starlet" and a quite brilliant actress, but she has to acquire a little more polish off the stage. Invited to lunch by the Optimists' Club, she arrived at the *rendez-vous* early and found several well-known members waiting to greet her; amongst them were the artist Jean Gabriel Domergue and Pierre Brive, the dramatist, and all of them men between the middle thirties and forties. Lize dodged behind a curtain, looked them over... and fled, going back to some schoolboy and schoolgirl friends who were waiting with their push-bikes.

When asked the reason of her flight she explained quite simply: "A lot of old men! I wouldn't have known what to say to them."



Mr. H. H. Gosling and Col. J. F. Harrison,  
Joint-M.F.H.



Col. Part, O.B.E., Joint-M.F.H., the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison,  
Mr. Delme Radcliffe and Cdr. Martineau

## A Dance at the Hermitage Halls, Hitchin In Aid of the Hertfordshire Hunt Funds



Major Peter Coats and Mrs. Timothy Gurney



Miss Veronica Harrison and Major Peter Starkey



Miss Felicity Harrison and Capt. Dick Ker



Mrs. D. Smyley and Mr. Eric Martin Smith

# "THE SLEEP

More



*"Florestan and His Sisters," with Gerd Larsen, Michael Somes and Anne Negus*



*"The Prologue," with the Lilac Fairy and Attendant Fairies*

# ING BEAUTY" AT COVENT GARDEN

ictures of the English Ballet at its Best and Most Sumptuous



*"The Awakening": Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann*



*Photographs by Edward Mandinian*

*Margot Fonteyn as Princess Aurora, and Anthony Burke as the Second Prince*

**1946****GOLF  
CALENDAR.****THE FIRST  
BIG GOLF  
DATE IS****MARCH 27-29****"THE DAILY MAIL"  
£2500**

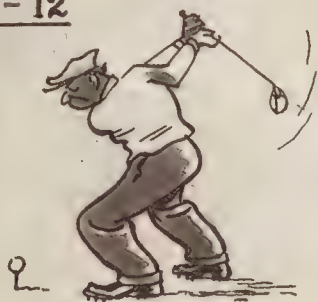
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**ROYAL LYTHAM  
AND ST. ANNES.**

THE YOUNGER SCHOOL MAY DO WELL HERE

**APRIL 10-12****"SILVER  
KING"****£1500**

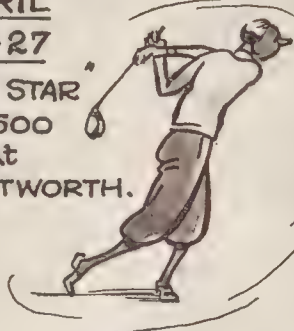
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**MOOR  
PARK**

THE OLD TIMERS WILL HIT BACK.

**APRIL  
24-27****"THE STAR"****£1500**

at

**WENTWORTH.****APRIL 29-MAY 4****ENGLISH  
AMATEUR  
CHAMPIONSHIP**

at

**ROYAL  
MID-SURREY****AN  
AMATEUR  
AFFAIR!****MAY 6-10****"DUNLOP-SOUTHPORT"****£2000**

at

**SOUTHPORT**

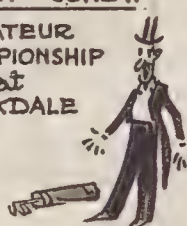
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**AINSDALE,**

and

**HILLSIDE.****MAY 23-25****"YORKSHIRE  
EVENING NEWS"****£1050**

at

**MOORTOWN  
LEEDS.****MAY 27-JUNE 1.****AMATEUR  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
at  
BIRKDALE**

WOT! NO DOUGH?

**JUNE  
5-7****"SPALDING"  
£1500**

at

**ST.  
ANDREWS.**

STERN TIMES IN LANCASHIRE

**JUNE 20-22****"BRAND-LOCHRYN"****£1500**

at

**NORTH  
MANCHESTER.**

BOTHER

**AUGUST 7-9****"LOTUS"****£1500**

at

**STOKE  
POGES.**THAT  
GLORIOUS  
11<sup>TH</sup>**JULY 1-5****THE OPEN  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
£1000**

at

**ST. ANDREWS.**AS THE NAME IMPLIES, THIS  
IS AN OPEN EVENT.**JULY 17-19****IRISH  
OPEN**

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**PORTMARNOCK.**SEE  
PREVIOUS  
PICTURE.**SEPTEMBER****5-7****"PENFOLD"  
£1050**

at

**SUTTON  
COLDFIELD**

CADDIES ARE TIRING —

**AUGUST 21-23****"NEWS-CHRONICLE"****£1500**

at

**HOLLINGBURY PARK,  
BRIGHTON.****SEPTEMBER 23-28****"NEWS  
OF THE  
WORLD"****£2000**

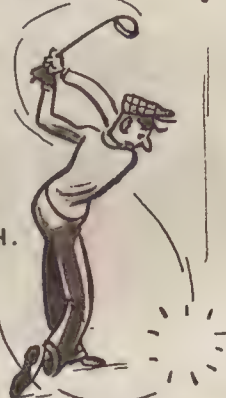
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**HOYLAKES**

— EVEN THE PROS

**OCTOBER 10-12****NORFOLK  
HOTEL****£1050**

at

**QUEEN'S  
PARK,  
BOURNEMOUTH.****ALMOST  
THE  
LAST  
CHANCE****OCTOBER 23-24****"DUNLOP-MASTERS"  
INVITATION,****£1000**

at

**STONEHAM,  
SOUTHAMPTON.****OLD AND WORN OUT, THEY  
WILL HAVE WON BETWEEN  
THEM SOME £21,000!**



D. R. Stuart

### Oxford and Cambridge University Fencing Clubs

Oxford University's Fencing Club have started again for the first time since 1939. They have beaten Bradford in their first match by 19-8. Sitting: Martin Wigg (St. Paul's and B.N.C.), D. Peters (Christ Church; captain), Norman Brown (Westminster and Christ Church). Standing: C. W. E. Kirk Greene (Rugby and Christ Church), D. H. Eaton (Epsom and Merton), J. Hamilton Wilson (Epsom and Trinity)

Cambridge have kept their Fencing Club going all during the war. Their match against Oxford will be during May in London. Sitting: M. Naismith-Wilcocks (Fitz William House), R. A. G. Stuart (King's College, Isle of Man, and Downing; captain), P. E. Erskine-Murray (Bedford and Pembroke). Standing: W. J. D. Dixon (Stowe and Corpus), M. H. Black (Jesus), Professor N. Dap (coach), G. Moschi (St. Paul's and Magdalene)

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

THE sky would appear to be a little clearer where the Spring Double is concerned, but not appreciably so, for both races are, as usual, brimful of "if's." We now know, however, that Miss Dorothy Paget has no designs upon the Lincoln! The acceptances unhandsonely eluded me when I wrote my recent note. I still believe, nevertheless, that the famous lady owner could have won it with either Sun Storm or Distel, provided always, where the former was concerned, that the absence of obstacles did not cause a recurrence of the phobia from which he suffered last year. Both these horses have been left in the Champion Hurdle Race (March 14th), and as Distel is the more experienced at this sort of thing, I suppose that he will be the stable's anointed.

Personal opinion is not of much account, but if Sun Storm had had more practice, I should pick him to beat the whole fleet of them. He is a very high-class horse, too valuable to geld and then win a future National. As to what is now going to win the Lincoln, even with the longest possible notice of the question, I should just hate to have to say. The bookmakers seem to have decided that Midas is going to run, but I should not like to bet that he will. He is the class horse, but winning the Lincoln would not add many cubits to his stature.

The Irishmen are quite certain that Poolfix, their Cambridgeshire hero, is good enough with 8 st. 12 lb. Our people say that Langton Abbot will win it, but I do not think that his fourth in the Free Handicap is a very robust foundation.

### The Invaders

SPEAKING purely of the jumpers. We have only seen one of the Frenchmen at the time of writing, Jalgreya, who, getting 7 lb., ran up to Red Rower at Windsor, and later fell in the race against Poor Flame on March 2nd. Everyone has liked him, in spite of his slight tendency to be stag-kneed. One of his critics said that he had been taught to "fly" his fences! Bad job for any steeplechase horse that had not been so taught! I wonder whether the suggestion was that he ought to gallop *ventre à terre* till he got to the obstacle, then prop and rocket over it? That sort of trick would not do anywhere, least of all at Aintree. The Frenchmen say that three miles are the absolute length of Jalgreya's rope, and I suppose they must know. Kargal and Kami, they say, will stay for ever. It is very clever of our friends to be able to weigh up this form so accurately. I wonder how we should have done it if, after Dunkirk, the Swastika had flown over Buckingham Palace, and Aintree and Newmarket had been occupied by the Dehumanised! It seems to me that we must either look a bit sideways at this Grand Steeplechase de Paris form, or believe that the German occupation of France cannot have been as obliterating as it has been

held up to be. Jalgreya was a pretty fit horse when he ran here the other day, and he jumped like a thoroughly well-schooled one. His fall on the second occasion was due to the slippery ground and in no wise his fault. I have not seen the other three yet, excepting in the excellent photographs published by our comrade *The Sporting Life*.

I like the horses, Kargal the best, but that is as far as I can go. The French reports say that Symbole is big and difficult to ride. If this is so, then the devotional attitude can be less right for him than for any other horse. His sort needs a man with hands and legs on him. On his picture there is a lot to like about him. He looks to have better bone than Kami, but he is not so well let down as that one or Kargal. The man on his back looks a passenger, and this goes also for the desperado on Kami. Kargal's pilot rides short enough in all conscience for big fences that can hit back, but the other two look as if they would go for six with the least encouragement. The best jumper ever lapped in leather needs all the assistance he can get over really big obstacles, however much it may be considered that things can be left to chance over hurdles. The National is not a 5-furlong sprint. As to another invader, Miss Dorothy Paget's Dunshaughlin, a name that will be familiar to all who hunt with The Ward, he won just as easily over 3 miles at Windsor

on March 2nd as he did at Leopardstown on February 16th over 3 miles 200 yards. On that occasion he was getting 1 st. 6 lb. from St. Martin, formerly rated a front-liner. At Windsor he was getting 1 st. 2 lb. from Southborough. His two stable companions, Housewarmer and Roman Hackle, and also Mill Boy, a recent winner at Windsor (March 1st), are in the Gold Cup, but he is not. I think the fact is worth noting. Dunshaughlin is in the National with 10 st. He throws the fences behind him in the way we like to see them do it. Miss Paget has a very strong hand, and I think we ought to keep this in perpetual remembrance.

My engaging Irish prophet assures me that the lady can win the Gold Cup, the Champion Hurdle Race and the National!

### More Kadir Memories

ALL these recent yarns about this great contest against one of the fiercest and bravest inhabitants of the jungle lands appear to have awakened a tremendous amount of interest, as well they might, for a fight like that is apt to stick in the memory. The latest arrives from Brigadier-General T. Rose-Price, who used to be in Probyn's Horse, and later transferred to the Welsh Guards. He writes me the following amusing story about the adventures of the late Mr. Tommy Edwards, who won the Kadir Cup in 1896 on Outcast, and himself:

Your story "From Hindustan," mentioning that Tommy Edwards, I.C.S., won the Kadir in the late 90's, recalls an instance with the Meerut Tent Club only a year or two previous to that win, when Edwards was a complete novice at pig-sticking; so much so that when he and I, also a young novice, were sent off together, somewhat unwisely, during a Christmas meet, we knew so little of the game that we pursued and slew what, to our horror, the *post-mortem* revealed to be an outsized sow! According to custom, it was champagne for all at dinner that night at the expense of the culprits. Edwards thus joined the ranks of several novices who won the Kadir Cup against the pick of practised hog-hunters. One of the Grenfell twins emulated him in the 1900's, I think.

It was Rivers Grenfell, who won it in 1905 on an Australian mare named Barmaid. Speaking from memory, I do not think that he had ever been out pig-sticking before. I was told that he strolled into the A.D.C.'s room at Government House, Calcutta, and said quite casually to "Nipper" Poynter, who was one of the many celebrities on Lord Curzon's staff: "I have just won the Kadir." I think he was then a yeoman. He did not go to the 9th Lancers, his brother Francis's regiment, until the outbreak of the 1914 war.

They were both killed during the cavalry operations in the Mons retreat, and both behaved with the utmost gallantry.



Clapperton, Selkirk

### At the Meet

The Countess of Haddington, Canadian-born wife of the Earl of Haddington, with her small son, Lord Binning, at the meet of the Buccleuch hounds at Riddell House, Roxburghshire

# Rugby Football: the Army Against the Navy at Twickenham



*Major K. H. S. Wilson (the Army) gains possession of the ball when Surgn.-Lt. M. R. Neely, R.N.V.R., attempts to get away*

## Played in the Snow

### Last-Minute Try Win for the Army

● It was a last-minute win for the Army against the Navy at Twickenham recently. The Army scored two tries, but the Navy countered with two penalty goals, and no-side was only a minute ahead when the Army snatched a third try and converted it. Despite snowstorms and bitterly cold wind, play was fast and furious throughout, and both sides handled the ball with splendid accuracy. The Army's Scottish backs played a big part in the victory, their back division being both thrustful and skilful, while the Navy forwards carried out many stirring rushes in true Navy style. The Army have now won the second match of the Services tournament by one goal and two tries (11 points) to two penalty goals (6 points)



*Major C. R. Bruce (Captain of the Army) makes a brilliant run with the ball*



*The Cambridge Crew Out on the River*



*This year's President of the Oxford University Boat Club is Mr. R. T. T. Warwick, of Oriel. He is rowing at No. 2 in the Oxford boat*

# The Oxford and Cambridge University Boat-Race Crews Out at Practice



*Mr. J. Paton-Phillip (Perse School and St. John's), President of the Cambridge University Boat Club. The Boat Race is on March 30th*



*The Oxford Crew Paddling Over the Henley Course*

## Stories from Everywhere

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

ONE day a little old lady in her seventies came into a doctor's surgery for consultation. She expounded all her ailments, real and imaginary, but seemed most concerned about a recurring dream in which she was diligently pursued by a personable young man whose intentions seemed, to say the least, dishonourable. The doctor was properly sympathetic and advised her how she might sleep more soundly. In a few days she returned, still woeful.

"Don't tell me you aren't sleeping better nowadays," teased the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sleeping just fine," the patient replied, "but to tell the truth, doctor, I certainly miss that young man!"

HERE are three printer's errors taken from newspapers in the United States:

"Elder Valse, pastor of the Soul-Stirring Church, Brooklyn, will speak here at eight o'clock. She will bring a quart with her and they will sing appropriate selections during the service."

"The operator of the other car, charged with drunken driving, crashed into Miss Miller's rear end, which was sticking out into the road."

"A musical programme was presented during the afternoon. Mrs. Melvin Tilson, accompanied by Mrs. C. Fred Brown, sank two numbers."

THEY were discussing girls.

"How is it, Jack," asked John, "that you get on so well with the girls?"

"Easy," was the reply. "Try flattery—they all fall for it. For instance, the girl I was with last night got a fly in her eye. I said 'I can't see how it could miss such big eyes as yours.' After that I had her eating out of my hand."

A few days later they met again.

"Well," said John, "I don't think much of your flattery stunt. I tried it, but it didn't work."

"What happened?"

"Well, the girl I was with got a fly in her mouth."



"... And what, may I ask, is it they keep finding wrong with our way of life?"

As the guest was leaving the hotel he slipped a shilling into the hall-porter's hand.

"Here's something to drink my health with," he said.

The porter grimaced. "Thank you, sir, but if I remember rightly you gave me five shillings last year for the same thing."

"That's right," replied the guest with a smile, "but this year my health is better."

At a lunch attended by a number of celebrities noted for long and dreary speeches, one of the visitors got up a sweepstake, the prize to be given to the entrant who drew the name of the speaker making the longest speech.

The guest who drew Mr. Dash felt certain of winning, as the man whose name was on his ticket wandered on and on interminably. To his dismay, however, the next speaker, Mr. Bland, showed signs of going on even longer, but this speaker suddenly resumed his seat in the middle of a sentence just a minute before beating the previous speaker's record.

His neighbour asked him the reason for his abrupt finish. "Well," he answered bashfully, "someone handed me a note saying my trousers were slipping down."

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, a little girl, who was buying one of the 10-cent prints of famous paintings for her mother, could not find one that suited her.

"Would your mother like the yellow sunflowers?" asked the attendant, trying to help.

"No."

"Would she like this one with the blue sea? Or this one with the little children?"

"No."

"Well, what does your mother like?" the attendant demanded.

"Men," said the little girl.

THE boxer was taking very heavy punishment in the ring, and as he staggered past his seconds' corner he cried out: "Throw in the towel, Bill!"

"We haven't got a towel," whispered Bill in a loud whisper.

As the boxer, even more battered, reeled round again to the corner he cried urgently:

"Throw in the sponge, Bill!"

"We haven't got a sponge," replied Bill.

"Well, for heaven's sake throw in something!" implored the boxer. "I shan't be this way again!"

At a church parade the padre had spoken about the wages of sin and had freely quoted the Ten Commandments.

Coming out of the churchyard, the black sheep of the regiment thought deeply for a few moments, then turned to his friend.

"Ah, well," he said, "I've never made a graven image, anyway."

A CERTAIN film producer is well known for always belittling any suggestions from his associates. He was taken ill one day and left the set. Hardly had he gone when someone hung up a sign:

"In case of fire, do not dial the fire department. Just call our producer and he'll throw a wet blanket on it."

## MR. D. B. WYNTHAM LEWIS

Tatler readers will like to know that our distinguished contributor, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, is now making a good recovery from his serious illness.

He expects to resume "Standing By" in about three-weeks time.



"Would you mind repeating that last tune? I didn't quite get the twiddle bit in the middle"



"Aw, gee, Mame, this thing is bigger than both of us"



"When will I be old enough to wear the sort that men turn round and gasp at?"

## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

## BOOKS

**B**.B.C. WAR REPORT: 6 JUNE 1944 TO 5 MAY 1945" (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.) is, as its publishers say, a book "not like any other book. Never before has it been possible to illustrate a war by the contemporary broadcasts of the men who took part in it. That is the material of this book. It is not a history; it is a living day-to-day account of the events and incidents of the war by men of the Services, and by correspondents who broadcast in the B.B.C.'s War Report."

These broadcasts have been edited and arranged so as to give a continuous picture of events, from the invasion of Normandy onwards. Their collective value, in permanent form, is obvious. All those who, during that epic year, made a nightly practice of listening to War Report, after the nine o'clock news, will be glad to see the matter again, in print: each one will no doubt, make his own way back to some particular broadcast, or even some single phrase, that at the time of hearing fired, or struck, or touched him. And no less will this record be interesting to those who, for a number of different reasons, were seldom or ever able to listen to War Report: they will catch up with much that they only knew by repute.

THESE War Reports provided a vital link between the Expeditionary Force and the people at home. Their immediacy and their intimacy—or personal touch—were two great factors. They communicated the *feeling* of what was happening; their manner was free, colloquial, almost impetuous; their photographic vividness was so great that they became, at moments, a substitute for what war made impossible: television. Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery contributes, to *B.B.C. War Report*, a Foreword, concluding with these lines:

I think it right to say that the keynote of this campaign was the Crusading Spirit, which inspired all ranks of the Allied Expeditionary Force, and which enabled them to face up to the great and often continuous demands which were made on their energy and enthusiasm and courage. This Spirit had many and deep sources, and the B.B.C. was one of the means by which this Spirit was fostered. In this way these correspondents made no mean contribution to final victory.

## Great Idea

THE construction of this book, *B.B.C. War Report*, has in itself been very good work. The Report broadcasts, as they are given here, gain immeasurably from the explanatory Part I; which gives us the birth and growth of the great idea—we are told, in fact, *how*, and in the face of what difficulties, War Report came into being. Preparations proceeded abreast with, and in no less inviolable secrecy than, preparations for the Second Front. Special and intricate staff-work, on the part of the B.B.C., was demanded; there had to be collaboration between departments that had hitherto worked independently. Much was involved in the way of negotiations between S.H.A.E.F. and the B.B.C. There were infinitely technical questions of equipment. And, first and last, of course, there was censorship. "Censorship was another art to be studied, so that correspondents should learn how to avoid trouble. It is easy enough to cancel a word here and there in a written despatch, easy enough for a sub-editor to rewrite a phrase or a sentence. In a recording the only person who can rewrite even a single word is the original speaker; and deletions are much more difficult to handle once they are on discs than they would be in print."

NOR was the requisite course in military intelligence, for the selected reporters, all: they went through an intensive course of special

training. A physical-training instructor toned up what he called his "B.B.C. Commandos" for life in front-line conditions—and exceedingly rigorous was the toning-up! Some were attached to Regular Army units, and shared every exercise with their unit. They were instructed in gunnery, signals, reconnaissance, aeroplane and tank recognition, and map-reading. Accordingly, when the invasion came, the correspondents were "no longer meddlesome civilians in a kind of khaki fancy-dress; they knew the Army jargon and the Army ways. They were men of the Army, who happened to have an unusual and specialised job. This is worth stressing because it was new."

The chapters comprising Part I.—first-rate build-up and overture to the Reports themselves—are written by Desmond Hawkins; to whom, also, we owe the linking material throughout Parts II. and III. He is, together with Donald Boyd, to be congratulated on skilful editorship of the whole book—with assistance from Frank Gillard and Chester Wilmot.

## Broadcasts

OBVIOUSLY, every Report could not go in; nor has it been the wish of the editors to restrict the book to the work of British and Dominion reporters only. Americans and Russians have found place. Read straight through, these broadcasts divide themselves (or so I find) under two headings—those which gain breathless interest from the events they picture (such as the scenes immediately following the liberation of Paris), and those which have an intrinsic merit as broadcasts. Would it be ungracious or ungrateful to say that the more brilliant broadcasts *qua* broadcasts are often American? The Ed. Murrow touch is recognisable from the very first word. And from Thomas Treanor, of N.B.C., comes, on page 72, the Normandy beach passage: "We came sliding and slowing in. . . ." I am convinced that radio needs a special language; a special, direct touch on the nerve-centre of the listener's imagination. Whatever it takes, the better American broadcasters seem to have it. Though this radio craft or magic is to be found also in three Ardennes (January 1945) broadcasts by Robert Barr, of the B.B.C.—pages 311 to 316. For the last days of Berlin we have excerpts from an unnamed Soviet war news correspondent—and what ruthless vividness!

There has been some rain, which has helped to lay the dust. Oh, that Berlin dust! A westerly wind blew it towards our positions. It even blanketed the sun. From seven o'clock on a cloudless morning until noon we were enveloped in an unnatural gloom. We couldn't see for more than a few yards. The sun rose higher and higher, but its rays didn't penetrate to the ground. The truck drivers delivering ammunition to the forward elements had to switch their lights full on. . . .

Soviet guns and tanks are rolling down the streets of Berlin, three abreast towards the Unter den Linden and Alexanderplatz. Flashily dressed German girls and men in raglan coats and soft hats stand silently, shifting from one foot to another, staring at the Soviet tanks. Children shout "Hitler kaput!" with monotonous insistence, varying the chant with requests for a piece of bread.

Soviet tommy-gunners convoy Volkssturm prisoners through the streets. One of Hitler's warriors has a beard to his waist; another, in dark glasses, steps high like a blind pony. A third stumps along on a wooden leg. . . .

## Ponds and Forests

"CARP COUNTRY," by Elisabeth Kyle (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), is an unusually interesting novel. This may sound dim praise; but, when one comes to think of it, how many novels actually *interest* one? Most novels rely



Harlip  
Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is Chairman of the World Premiere of "The Captive Heart," given by Mr. J. Arthur Rank at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on Tuesday, April 2nd, in aid of the Victory Club Million-Pound Appeal. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys who is the wife of Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt., has raised thousands of pounds for charity

on casting some sort of spell: if the spell works, the novel is a success.

A good deal of good hard thought, on the author's part, goes, it is true, to the making of any novel worthy of the name; none the less, the *reader's* reaction will be largely one of feeling rather than thought. What I call an "interesting" novel is one that, by means of its own, stimulates or entices one into thinking.

Miss Kyle's novels do this, through having intrinsically interesting subjects, and backgrounds more than half-merged in still recent history. In her last before this, *The Skaters' Waltz* (which you will no doubt remember), she gave us, through the linked life-stories of five English governesses abroad, extraordinary insight into the later years of the vast, now vanished, Austro-Hungarian Empire. In this present tale, *Carp Country*, she takes us into the formerly Imperial realm of Southern Bohemia: now the Republic of Czechoslovakia. The time is between the two wars. Ghostly, the hunting-lodges and palaces of the old regime stand among the forests: in the small towns and villages, democracy (not, be it admitted, in its most attractive form) runs riot. The villagers, under a newly-applied gloss of proletarian smugness, are uneasy with old superstitions gone underground; the bourgeoisie are complacent, aimless and socially discontented. Only the two local industries, dating from medieval days, remain—carp fishing, in the great ponds, and the manufacture of glass.

From this last (as typified in the Chlum village factory) fine craftsmanship, with its attendant pride, has gone: mass production, for a cheap European market, has become the order of the day.

## Drama

ALL this is seen through the eyes of young Adam Ogilvie, a Glasgow Scot, who arrives at Chlum for a working summer vacation as secretary to Professor Kletz, of Prague. The excellent professor is immersed in research in some local archives: he and his secretary occupy rooms in a former Imperial hunting-lodge, now a State hostel for brain workers. Adam, earnest and not at the start susceptible, becomes gradually involved with the Chlum people—the glass-workers, the inn-keeper, the factory owner and his family, a suspect clerk and an isolated Sudeten-German woman. Cupid takes a hand, and a disastrous hand, when, under misleadingly romantic circumstances, Adam meets Toni—capricious child of the ancient, dying Rosenberg family. . . .

(Concluded on page 348)



Pryde—Owen—Wahl



Hart—Ellis

Mr. Raymond David Campbell Hart, of Clifton Hampden, married Miss Penelope Mary Ellis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ellis, of Benscliffe House, Ulverscroft, Leicestershire, at St. Paul's, Woodhouse Eaves, Leicester

Major Robert S. A. Pryde, M.C., Royal Engineers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. M. Pryde, of Ballymena, North Ireland, married Lt. Owen (Pixie) Owen-Wahl, B.R.C., youngest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. Owen-Wahl, of Pinelands, Cape Province, South Africa

Right: Lt. John C. L. Sutton, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Major C. L. M. Sutton, Royal Fusiliers, and of Mrs. R. Ramsbotham, of Scalby, Lincs., married Miss Daphne A. Wormald, only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. F. Wormald, of Saxton, Lincs., at St. Martin's-on-the-Hill, Scarborough



Sutton—Wormald

Victor Hey



McCraith—Robins

Capt. Patrick J. D. McCraith, M.C., The Sherwood Rangers, elder son of Sir Douglas and Lady McCraith, of Normanton-on-the-Wolds, Notts., married Miss Philippa Mary Ellis Robins, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. E. Robins, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia



Berry—Cramp

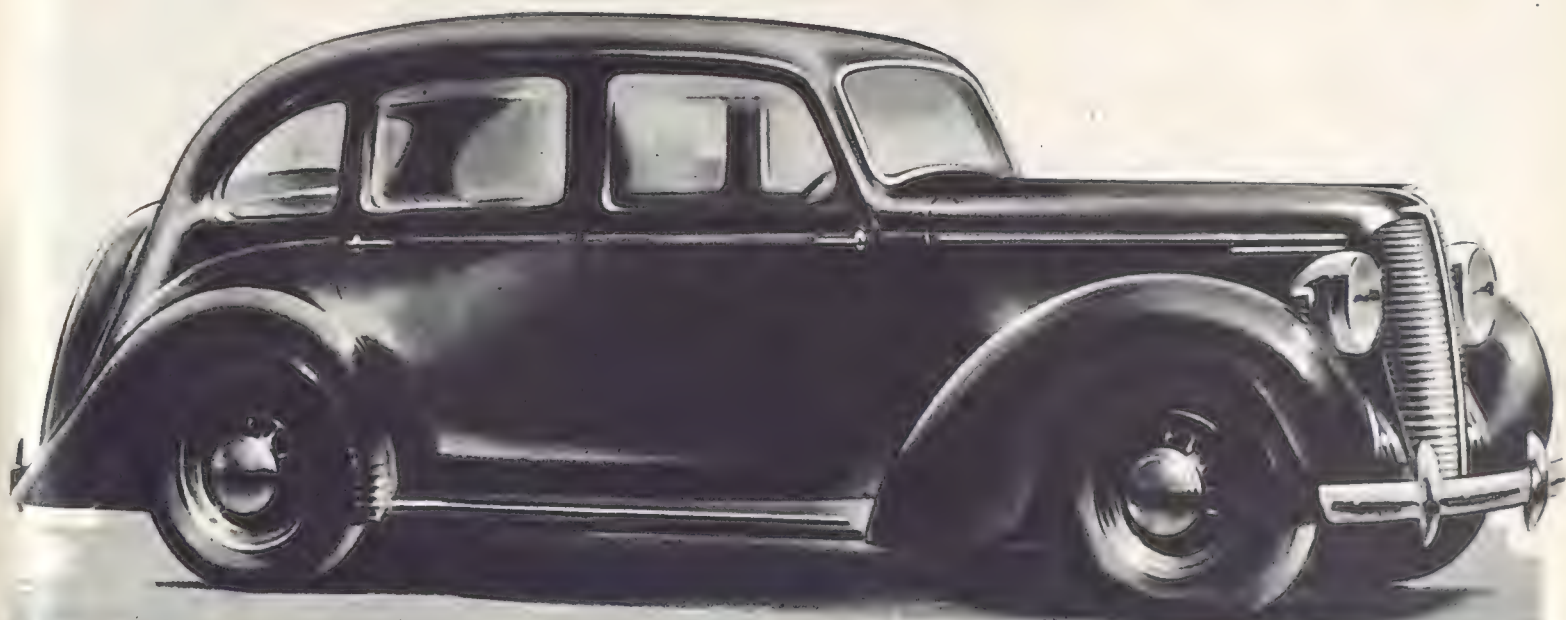
Capt. R. E. P. Langley Berry, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Berry, of Gloucester, a former Chindit officer in Burma, married Miss E. J. Cramp, of Leicester, at Leicester Cathedral



Wyatt—Lewis

Capt. Charles E. N. Wyatt, M.C. 10th Hussars, eldest son of Sir Stanley and Lady Wyatt, of Roland Gardens, S.W., married Mrs. Anne Allison (Sue) Lewis, younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Douglas Stewart and of Mrs. Douglas Stewart, of Pine Edge, Pyrford, Woking, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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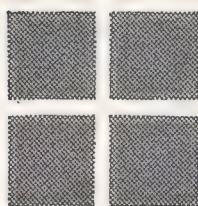
# Haig



THE production of Scotch Whisky of the quality of Haig cannot be hurried, so the present shortage must continue yet awhile. But it is only a matter of time before it will again be possible to obtain Haig simply by asking for it.

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## FOUR SQUARE

SIX MEDIUM STRENGTH TOBACCOS from 2/8 an ounce

## Jean Lorimer's Page

Deep armholes, slit pockets and a lovely fullness in the back swing of the skirt distinguish this attractive spring coat. It is made of a fine woollen material, scarlet in colour and trimmed with black.

*Jaeger shop at Selfridge's*



## Scarlet and Black

Scarlet and black is again the colour scheme here. The jacket has the new rounded-shoulder line, saddle-stitched in black. It is worn over a plain black skirt, cut pencil slim. *Jaeger*

# Jacqmar

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Right—

Casual matchmates of shirt and dirndl skirt in striped wool delaine — launders fresh as new. Contrast stripes on background shades of yellow, turquoise, brown, blue. Hips 34-38. 12 coupons.

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Left—

The shawl collar — young theme for a junior miss dress of moss crêpe. Swathed waistband and kilted trimming for adornment. Blue, pink, turquoise. Hips 34-38 7 coupons.

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# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE always found that plain, matter-of-fact people are usually extremely dull. Reliable, perhaps, in a crisis, but their reliability so often resembles the reliability of a horse-hair sofa. They proffer a straight back, but offer no ease. Most of us get a little weary of always facing facts. "Facts" have no inclination to soar. Any flight-of-fancy which flies heavenward on the instant without bothering about either wings or a combustion engine is regarded as "escapism" and thus is considered as the symptom of senility-before-its-time. Of which intellectual superiority I have no appreciation.

Personally, I adore my "escapes." They are the only things which keep me sane. If I faced up to present-day facts and to nothing else, I should find life scarcely worth living. All my most pleasant illusions, as harmless as they are secret, shattered. All my games of let's-pretend locked away in a cupboard. All my happier, though perhaps more "idiotic," day-dreams shovelled into the dustbin. With more and greater austerity as my comforter and circa Anno Domini 2000 as the earliest date for anybody, let alone "heroes," peacefully to live in. If we didn't encourage "escapism" in our daily lives, our everyday would often be bleak indeed. For even happiness itself is a form of "escape." Escape from something which is its opposite.

METAPHORICALLY speaking, the book we enjoy, the play which excites us, the music which takes us out of ourselves, the love and friendship, even when we know within our innermost hearts they are mostly on *our* side, the journey which takes us away from the too-familiar, beauty which fills our spirits with joy—each and everything which gives us that inner glow which is personal and secret, are so many happy escapes from all thoughts symbolical of UNO, all the portent of dried eggs. In bed, which is one of the two places where it is difficult for the world to get at you, one doesn't seek slumber by trying to solve the international problem of Java, by seeking mentally to grasp all the significance of the National Insurance Scheme, wondering how to make-do with little left to mend. No, one goes peacefully into unconsciousness by visualizing a lovely old cottage (with surprisingly every modern convenience) with a garden radiant with flowers (which only ask to be admired, never manured), with enough to live on and the ideal person to live with. Or, of course, whatever the plot may be which you hope may be evolved in heaven, since, it may be said, an earthly life clamps down upon it almost before you have removed your nightcap.

THUS I can never join the chorus of those who consider that all forms of "escapism" are signs of intellectual misbehaviour. They aren't. On the contrary, they're great fun. And although the lady in a recent Brains Trust who suggested to a gentleman of sixty-eight, yearning to learn a way to achieve a serene old age, that he should re-read the fairy-stories of his youth, appeared to me to sound sublimely idiotic, she was stumbling over the right idea.

It is only when "escapism" isn't in the least constructive that it tends to resemble a time-battered face surmounted by ash-blonde hair. Art, music, poetry, literature, the drama, beauty, hobbies, any interest wherever we may find it—are constructive "escapisms." They enrich the inner-sanctuary of the mind and heart. The life-within-a-life where often the best part of our actual existence is passed, though we may live in it alone.

And even that example I gave of the fairy-story some of us make up when we seek slumber is not as puerile as it may seem. Fairy-stories thus made up often teach us where our real happiness lies. And too many people live as if they didn't know *where it can be!*

## ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 343)

In themselves, none of the characters in the story is very memorable or interesting—what is memorable and interesting is the scene, and the drama-precipitating restlessness of a newly-made country trying to find itself. Queer forces are at work in most of these people. . . . Miss Kyle's power to make one think does not exist to the exclusion of poetry—poetically and romantically speaking, the atmosphere of *Carp Country* is terrific. Miss Kyle passes no judgments, but invites many.

### A Promising Future

A PROMISING future may be, I should say, predicted for *Future Books* (Leathley Publications; 5s.), of which the first volume, *Overture*, is to hand. To begin with, the production work of Adprint ensures much beautiful colour printing; at first sight one may say: "A very welcome picture-book for the grown-ups." The gay covers, however, enclose a good deal more: Industry, Government, Science, Arts are to be the subjects of *Future Books*. This is not a political series; the object is to employ the best minds, irrespective of party, on research into matters that could and should interest all, and on which to be informed is, today, imperative. The layout, with photographs, sketches and diagrams, is excellent.

### Principles

*The Way To Cook*, by Philip Harben (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is not a recipe book. Rather, it sets out to explain the basic ideas and principles that should form the foundation of all cooking—lest this should seem too abstract, a few recipes are given as illustration. "Just," Mr. Harben says, "as a musical score is unintelligible to one who is not a musician, so a recipe is useless to one who knows nothing of kitchen technique."

This is not, I should gather, a book for the out-and-out beginner; it addresses itself, rather, to those who have already for some time been making experiments in their own kitchens—and, essentially, to the intelligent, well-trained mind. If hit-or-miss cooking contents you, pass this book by. In the main, normal (I mean non-wartime) ingredients for cookery are assumed; though substitutes are taken into account. Some readers may blench at page 36—a dashing beauty hint for your cat.

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Organization

SOMEONE with the spirit of laughter inside him sought to collect incidents like that of February 25. On that day Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, one of the greatest theoretical and practical navigational experts in the world, left Heston Aerodrome in a Proctor and was posted as "missing."

All the wonders of modern science were instantly impressed to discover without delay the whereabouts of so noted a personality. Radio, radar, the telegraph, the telephone, the teleprinter and just the ordinary telegram were employed on a lavish scale. The special organization for emergency search was thrown into top gear. High officials rushed madly about between office and office. The Ministry of Civil Aviation building was seen to rock and quiver on its foundations. Next day, the twenty-sixth, the newspapers "splashed" the story.

And it was not until the evening that it became known that Don Bennett had been at Wolverhampton addressing members of the United Nations delegations. He had never been "missing," he was not "lost." He had taken off exactly when he had intended to take off and he had landed exactly when and where he intended to land. While "Search: Priority A1, Immediate," or whatever they call it, had been in operation, Bennett had been in bed.

## Book Wanted

It is not an isolated incident. It is the sort of incident that happens almost daily now that everything is over-organized. But the public hears about this kind of thing only when a notability is involved. When "Search: Priority Z99, Any Old Time" is in operation for Flying Officer John Snooks, when Snooks is in bed, nobody hears about it, and all that happens is that Snooks gets a sharp reprimand.

But a collection of these incidents would make an excruciatingly funny book and would have the salutary effect of reminding the scientific workers that science is not everything.

Science is the religion of 1946. More people believe

what a scientist says than what anybody else says. But the fact is that their belief is just as much a matter of faith. A sufficiently extensive survey of scientific works shows that science is as often wrong as it is right.

In flying, we must try not to be too worshipful in scientific matters. For instance, we all know that the scientists have said that aircraft can be landed in any visibility without danger and without the pilot having to see the ground. If we believe them, we have only ourselves to blame if we are air travellers when fog descends and find out by direct experience what really happens. In aviation, we must temper science with sense.

## Racing Again

It was good to see that Raymond Mays has been active in trying to get motor racing going again. I would like to see both motor racing and air racing developed. They are valuable as providing outlets for the competitive urge and they also help in stimulating progress in motor cars and in aeroplanes.

Anything that encourages men to make and to operate machines for their own sake is to be commended. The machine that is simply and solely a "production job," with almost no intrinsic interest, usually ceases to be any kind of job before long. There must be interest in the making and the operating if a machine is to succeed on the largest scale.

I suppose that the most interesting aeroplanes and motor cars were the early ones, in which each designer was incorporating his own ideas and his own pet theories. Then there was the test of performance which showed whether he was right or wrong.

Now we know beforehand which theories and ideas are likely to be right and which wrong; but, more important, we can make them work whether they are



Harlip

Mrs. M. J. H. Bruce is the wife of Mr. M. J. H. Bruce, C.B.E., who is a leading figure in the production of British Commercial Aircraft. He was a Director of Mechanical Maintenance at the War Office from 1940-42 with the rank of Major-General

right or wrong. The consequence is that there is less enthusiasm for this or that feature; less energetic argument; less interest.

In racing, we get back to the old position. The rear engine, hydraulic or other brakes, self-changing gearboxes and other things receive their full test only in racing. And, therefore, racing alone is able to provide an answer to those who ask which theories and ideas are fundamentally sound and which unsound.

## Co-operative Effort

PETER BERTHON—who did the successful E.R.A. cars before the war—is to co-ordinate the design efforts of a number of specialists in the Raymond Mays project. I think that the project is a fine one and deserves the fullest support. I congratulate the companies that have agreed to collaborate upon their enterprise.

When competition does not occur naturally in the scheme of things, it must be created artificially. Racing does this. So

does competition. The French are taking a promising step in holding a competition for light aeroplanes.

I have mentioned before the many attractive looking light-aeroplane designs the French have produced. It seems that the French Government is to hold a competition which will be rather like our own Air Ministry Lympne competitions of 1924 (or was it 1926?).

The aim will be to discover which of these interesting designs is the best for the personal, touring aircraft. I would like to see our own Ministry of Civil Aviation starting a like competition. This is the time to announce it. It would help greatly to waken things up in the field of light aircraft construction where Britain was earlier supreme.

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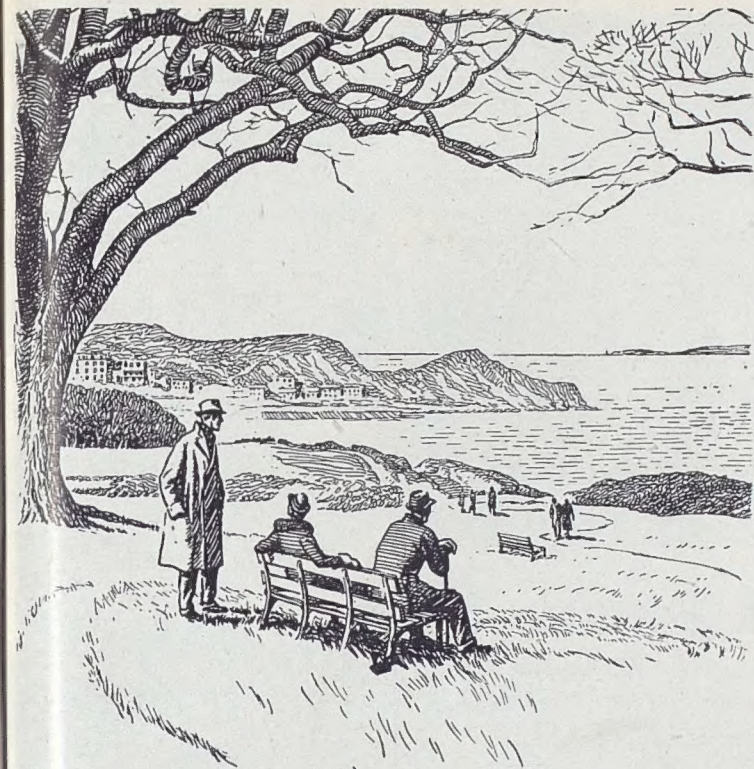
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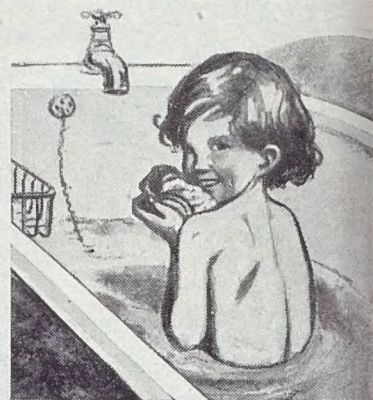


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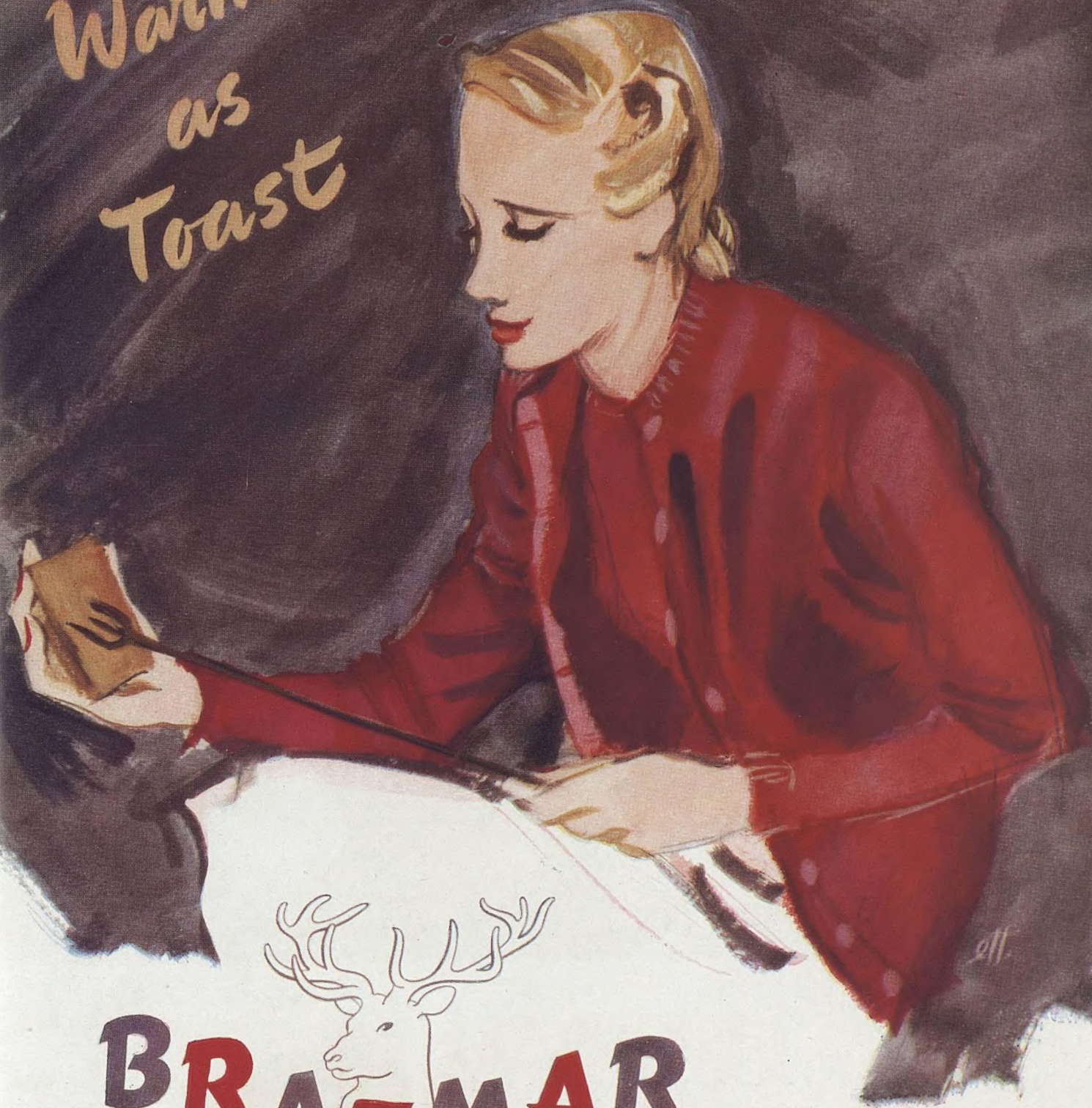
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